NEGROES WHO HAVE SERVED IN CONGRESS.

(Copyright, 1900, Amos J. Cummings.)

He is the last of his race. An epoch is closed. Seated in a remote corner of the chamber of the House of Representatives, near Brumidi's painting of the opening of negotiations at the siege of Yorktown, he listens to an uproar on the floor, apparently lost in reflection. A light mulatto of sturdy physique, he has close-cropped, kinky hair and two inches of whiskers militaire. The eyes are bright, the mustache neatly trimmed, and the hair parted in the middle. There is a slight trace of the Ethiop in his features, but the face is pleasing and intellectual. Dressed with excellent taste, he is evidently a man of education and refinement. Speaking in correct terms in language sparkling with American idioms, he lacks affability, although polite in manner and direct in conversation. Indeed, he has few if any Congressional associates. His wife, a lady of beauty and refinement, frequently visits the Capitol and returns home with him after the toils of the day. This statesman is the Hon. George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., the last of the negro Congressmen.

The reconstruction tide has at last passed the flood and is beginning to ebb. The palmy days of the new era are over and the relapse is here. Mere ephemera were the carpet-bagger and scalliwagger. They were political insects with lives measured by days. But the negro survived nearly a third of a century. He was a part of the soil of the South, cultivated by questionable methods, but never fertilized. Like the old Virginia tobacco fields, the soil seems to have run out, and the land, no longer productive, is about to be abandoned. Mr. White is as able and intelligent a representative of his race as has ever appeared in Washington. He comports himself with great dignity in the House. Addressing his colleagues with unusual ability, when the opportunity serves, he seasons his eloquence with ridicule and sarcasm, relieving it with trite sayings and metaphors. Once in the present session he reached the plateau of real oratory. In burning words he arraigned Judge Lynch for high crimes and misdemeanors in the South, and sought his impeachment at the bar of public opinion. There was no pleading for favor, but a demand for individual rights. He did not beg for fair play; he exacted it. The speech dissected acknowledged facts with an unsparing scalpel, laid bare the festering wound, and demanded the prompt application of a remedy. Possibly it was more aggressive than suggestive, more irritating than convincing, but no one could gainsay its logic. The members listened with intense interest, and the speech aroused strong editorial comment. Among those who congratulated the orator was one or two Democrats from south of Mason and Dixon's line. It was the best work done by White during his three years in Congress. Mayhap it was the last protest that will ever be made by a black man in Congress.

For the situation has changed. The woods have been cut away and the stream has run dry. The denuding of the forest began four years ago when Mississippi adopted a State constitution that practically disfranchised the negro. Louisiana followed suit, and North Carolina and Virginia are already treading in the same path. The fifteenth amendment is virtually being wiped out. Dry are the stones in the bed of the brook. There may be water under them, but whether it will ever again ooze to the surface time alone can determine.

What a regime it was in its heyday! The amnestied whites seem to have regarded it as a sort of political nightmare. No more incongruous political elements were upheaved in the French revolution. It was a stratum of statesmanship unforeshadowed and utterly unknown. It was like fungi, the product of a night, and only a few experts could separate the mushroom from the toadstool. It first knocked at the door of the House of Representatives in the Fortieth Congress in the person of a West Indian negro thirty years old. His name was J. Willis Menard, and he had received a certificate of election from Gov. H. C. Warmoth, of Louisiana. His seat was contested by Caleb S. Hunt. The Committee on Elections reported against Menard, and Hunt was seated by the House. Menard argued his case ably and vigorously, and was the first negro who was ever heard in Congress.

The next negro who appeared was Hiram R. Revels. He was elected to the United States Senate from Mississippi, and took his seat in February, 1870, his term expiring March 4, 1871. Revels was tall and commanding and of very agreeable and engaging manners. It was said that he had a white wife. He was a graduate of a Quaker seminary in Indiana. At the expiration of his term he became a Methodist minister, and made his theological career remunerative by lecturing in Boston and other cultured precincts.

While Revels was a United States Senator several negroes were admitted to the House of Representatives. This was in the Forty-first Congress. The most prominent was Joseph H. Rainey, born a slave in Georgetown, S. C., in 1832. Rainey was a barber in Charleston when the war broke out. He fled to the West Indies in 1862, where he remained until the close of the war. On returning to Charleston he was elected to the constitutional convention, afterward became a member of the State senate, and finally landed in Congress. Rainey was hand in glove with John J. Patterson, Franklin Moses, Tim Hurley, and other Rinaldo Rinaldinis of South Carolina reconstruction. Rainey was first elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of B. F. Whittemore, who was threatened with expulsion for selling a cadetship. He remained in the House longer than any other negro ever sent to Congress, serving eight consecutive years. Nemesis caught him in the fall of 1878. In the election of 1876 he had beaten J. S. Richardson by 1,500 votes, but in 1878 lost his political feet and was swept into the whirlpool of the past.

In the House he had been a Lanjunais among the reconstructionists. Quick-witted and versatile in action, he had been of service to his party. He became a candidate for clerk of the House in the Forty-seventh Congress. It was universally conceded that he was more than competent and was entitled to the honor. Like others of his race, however, he was set aside when rewards were distributed to those who had distinguished themselves in political conflicts. Rainey was a very light colored gentleman, with wavy but not kinky hair. Suave in conversation, he had soft, engaging manners, and was supposed to be a West Indian negro. He spoke French fluently, had the Creole patois, and affected literature. He was a fair orator, and was regarded as a litterateur. He admired Dumas, lectured on Toulssant, regarded Dessalines as a pure patriot, detested Soulouque, and claimed that Hannibal was a greater military genius than Napoleon. Rainey took an active part in the colonization of Liberia, and believed that the future of the emancipated slaves lay in that direction.

One of Rainey's associates in the Forty-first Congress was Israel G. Lash, representing a district in North Carolina. Lash was a member of the House when Rainey was sworn in to fill the Whittemore vacancy. He had been a slave, and was born in 1810. Lash lacked education and refinement, made no effort to ascend the ladder of fame, and was of a morose disposition. He dropped from his perch at the end of the term.

Meantime, a new negro appeared at the door of the Senate with credentials from Mississippi. He was Blanche K. Bruce, born a slave in Virginia in 1841. In his boyhood he went to Mississippi and afterward settled in Missouri, but returned to Mississippi after the war. He acquired land and became a planter. He entered political life as sergeant-at-arms of the State senate, was a tax collector and a levy commissioner, and was finally elected United States Senator for the term beginning in 1875. Being a close friend of Roscoe Conkling and a gentleman of education and refinement, he wielded considerable influence in the Senate. His friendship for Mr. Conkling was so great that he named his only child after him. He frequently presided over the Senate, filling the chair with grace and dignity and winning encomiums from his colleagues without regard to party. On retiring from Congress, in 1871, he was succeeded by Lucius Quintius Curtius Lamar, and was made Register of the Treasury by President Garfield. His wife was an octoroon, refined and genteel and well educated. Their devotion to each other was often remarked.

Another negro who attracted almost universal attention was the Hon. Robert B. Elliott, of South Carolina. He was born in Boston, educated at High Holborn, England, and graduated from Eton College in 1859. He studied law and went to South Carolina after the close of the war. After serving as a member of the State constitutional convention he became a member of the Forty-second Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-third. There were four negroes from the Palmetto State in this Congress, and only one white man. Elliott was a black man with a dash of white blood. He was nine-tenths negro and extremely proud of his ancestry. He traced it back to the Congos. A very dressy negro, Elliott always wore a sealskin cap in winter. He kept close watch on the reconstruction laws in the different States. In those days travelers going South usually took the boat to Quantico, where they connected with a train on what is now known as the Atlantic Coast Line. Elliott insisted upon eating at the table with the whites while traveling to Quantico. There he entered the Jim Crow car, and remained there until the train entered South Carolina; then he would pick up his overcoat and transfer himself to the ladies' car, where he settled himself comfortably in a seat and slept soundly until the train reached Columbia. He was at one time adjutant general of the State. Gen. Elliott, as he was termed, resigned before the expiration of his term to become sheriff of Columbia. He had ascertained that the perquisites of the office were far superior to those of a Congressman.

And there is another South Carolina negro who attained a national reputation, Alonzo J. Ransier. He was born in Charleston in 1834. He was self-educated, and was employed as a shipping clerk in 1859 by a leading merchant. His employer was tried for violating the law in hiring a colored clerk, and was fined 1 cent, with costs. Ransier was a member of the constitutional convention, and afterward became chairman of the Republican State central committee. He was also Presidential elector on the Grant and Colfax ticket, and was elected to the Forty-third Congress. He was an apt representative of the changed conditions in Charleston, and can hardly be said to have compared favorably with the chivalric Representatives from that city before the war.

A Representative who will never be forgotten was the well-known Jere Haralson, of Alabama. He was as black as coal, a genuine plantation negro, the forerunner of rag-time and the Mobile buck. Jere was born in Muscogee County, Georgia. After the death of his master he was sold on the auction block in Columbus. The negro became the property of J. Haralson, of Selma, and remained there until President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. He acquired some education afterward, became a member of the State legislature in 1870, and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress. He claimed a reelection to the Forty-fifth, which was Democratic. In this Congress Charles W. Field, of Georgia, was doorkeeper. He saw a coal-black man on the floor of the House one day watching the proceedings, and took him for one of the colored barbers. He told one of his assistants "to drive the nigger back into the barber shop where he belonged." The assistant tried to carry out the order, but Jere proudly proclaimed his identity, and Gen. Field made a gentlemanly apology.

Another distinguished colored Congressman is brought to mind. Like Haralson, he was a slave emancipated by Lincoln. He was found in Natchez when captured by the Union troops. After attending evening schools and acquiring a fair education, he was elected to the Forty-third Congress and re-elected to the Forty-fourth. This gentleman was John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention that nominated James G. Blaine in 1884. Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, chairman of the national committee, had nominated Powell Clayton. Henry Cabot Lodge put Lynch in the field against him, and Theodore Roosevelt and George William Curtis seconded his nomination. The avowed object of the nomination was to break up the unit rule. Lynch was elected with forty votes to spare. Maj. William McKinley was a delegate to this convention. He voted for Clayton, while Foraker, Mark Hanna, and John D. Long voted for Lynch. Mr. Lynch was afterward Third Auditor of the Treasury under President Harrison.

Another slave who appeared in the House was Gen. Robert Smalls, of Beaufort, South Carolina. He was the engineer who ran the Planter, loaded with artillery and supplies, out of Charleston harbor in May, 1862, and delivered her to the commanding officer of the Union squadron. Smalls was afterward appointed a pilot in the navy, and was made captain for gallant and meritorious conduct. He served three terms in Congress, being seated in the Fifty-first Congress as the contestant for Col. William Elliott's seat. The ousting process was completed in ninety seconds under the Reed rules, the quickest time on record. For years Gen. Smalls has had a claim before the House for salvage on the Planter. Congress after Congress met, and the general's face was becoming as familiar in the corridors as the face of William McGarrahan when the present Congress, through the favor of the Speaker, passed his bill, and he returned to Beaufort happy.

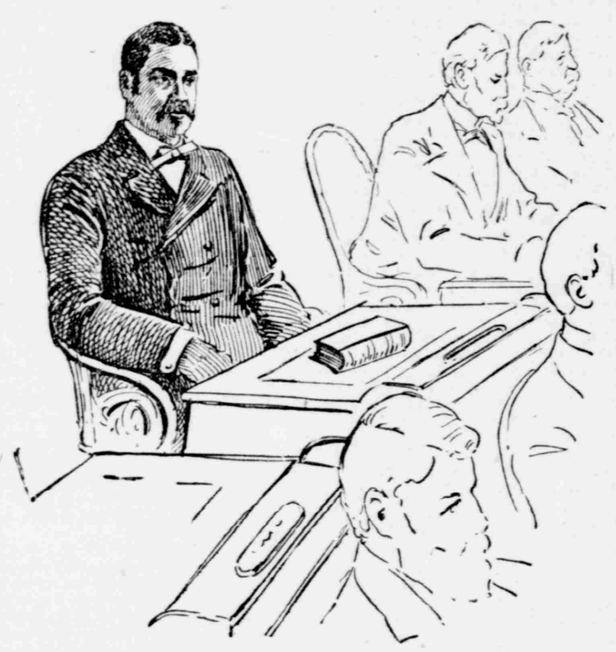
Probably the most brilliant negro of the regime was Prof. John M. Langston, seated under the Reed rules in the Fifty-first Congress. He was a professor of law in Howard University and at one time its acting president. Born a slave, he was a graduate of Oberlin, and practiced law in Ohio for twelve years. Langston's equal in talent was Henry Plummer Cheatham, of North Carolina, now register of deeds in the District of Columbia. Cheatham made a speech on the proposed negro exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair that attracted universal attention. He cut loose from all political affinities and spoke for his race alone. His remarks were cheered to the echo, and Confederate veterans vied with one another in tendering their congratulations. The appropriation for the negro exhibition was voted without a dissenting voice.

And there are others—George Washington Murray, Richard H. Cain, Robert C. De Large, and Thomas E. Miller, of South Carolina; Benjamin S. Turner and James T. Rapier, of Alabama, and Josiah T. Walls, of Florida. Murray, Turner, and Walls were slaves. Rapier was the son of a runaway slave, and was educated in Canada. He was a tall, swarthy negro, looking like an Indian. He was cool, calm, and reserved—a good talker and a fine speaker. He spoke French, German, and Spanish, and was a commissioner to the Vienna Exposition. Cain was a little, short, squatty negro, a fair talker and very aggressive. He wanted all the rights of a white man, and wanted them quick. Walls was a pepper-and-salt negro, a smart talker, and an adroit manipulator of his race. Turner was a stout, stalwart negro, who made only one speech in the House. As it attracted some attention, it was said to have been written by Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College.

So much for the past. We know the present. What about the future? For this is a great world, and God moves in a mysterious way.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Washington, June 6, 1900.



HON. GEORGE H. WHITE.
The last of the negro Congressmen.

AGUINALDO'S BROTHER CAUGHT.

Filipino Police Officer Who Made Some Notable Captures.

From the Manila Freedom, March 1.

Tomas Aguinaldo, colonel in the insurgent army and brother of Emilio Aguinaldo, president of the revolutionary government, and Gen. Agapato Banson, of the insurgent army, were captured Tuesday evening by Capt. Lara, of the Filipino police force, assisted by a detachment of the Forty-ninth Infantry. Lieut. Wall, Sergt. Crum, and Private Hadge escorted the two prisoners in, and they were lodged in Anda station last evening.

Three days ago Capt. Lara left Manila under sealed orders for Bacoor. He knew that Tomas Aguinaldo was in that vicinity somewhere, and it took but twenty-four hours for him to place his victim. The net was spread and Tomas, who had been taking a vacation out at the old homestead about three miles from Bacoor, was soon in the meshes. He took his arrest very complacently, and the bare-footed brother of the great presidente, who had worn a colonel's shoulder straps, trudged along beside the police captain as if he had expected to be scooped in.

Capt. Lara did not let the grass grow under his feet. He saw another opportunity of giving service to the Americans when he found out that Gen. Agapato Banson was having a good time around Bacoor. He dressed in citizen's clothes and went around in his bare feet. Like all Filipinos of his class, he had a taste for gambling, and early Tuesday evening was running the bank in a gambling-house in Bacoor. He reached forward to cash some checks when the cold steel of a .38-caliber was stuck under his nose. He wilted and gave himself up. Capt. Lara was happy last night. Since he pledged himself as a police officer to support the starry banner in the Philippines he has bagged some good game, but when he marched into town last night he had an offering for the authorities that is worthy of every recognition. Capt. Lara has proved himself a loyal and gallant officer, and his knowledge of the insurgents has been invaluable in running them down.

Sad Memories of '61.

From the New York Mail and Express.

As our great national holidays come and go, the fact constantly becomes more and more evident that for thousands they hold no significance other than as opportunities for out-of-town trips or excursions. Yet there were many amid the throng that watched the veterans of the battles from Bull Run to Appomattox file by who saw more in their noticeably thinned lines than a mere street pageant.

While the survivors of '61 were passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel a bowed, gray-haired gentleman was observed to hurry into the hotel, the tears streaming down his cheeks. He was completely overcome by the flood of memories which the sight of the war-scarred veterans recalled. It was some time before he became sufficiently composed to resume his stand without and watch the remainder of the parade.

SOL TOMLINSON'S FALCONRY

Story of a Lazy Pike County Farmer.

BY EDWIN J. WEBSTER.

"Sol Tomlinson says it was a Sunday school book that causes him to be nursing an injured spirit and mourning the loss of the finest collection of fancy breeds of chickens ever seen in Pike County," observed Deacon Todgers to the crowd at the corner grocery. "But I tell him it was all his own foolishness in trying middle-age notions in this closing year of the nineteenth century, and also in trusting too far to the loving kindness and forgiving nature of hawks.

"One Sunday afternoon Sol went out to the woodshed and found his boy, Tom, reading a book he had drawn from the Sunday-school library. Sol cracked the boy over the head for reading novels on Sunday, gave him some chores to do, and then sat down to read the book himself. It was all about knights and how they rode about the country, fighting for the color of their ladies' eyesbrows and how they went hawking and all such foolishness. But it seemed to impress Sol mightily.

"'And are you, with your blue jeans and bald pate and white whiskers going to ride around Pike County on a "prancing palfrey," and fight for the honor of your lady love,' I asked him. 'Or what particular kind of foolishness has that book inspired you to?'

"Sol looked hurt.

"'Fudge, deacon,' he said to me. 'I'm a respectable married man, without any 'lady loves,' as you call them, and my rheumatism wouldn't allow me to ride 'prancing palfreys,' anyway. The plan I am thinking of is a practical one, and one that will bring money to a worthy old man without his working for it. Did you read what that book said about falconry and how all those old coves used to catch heron, and ducks, and other kinds of birds by the use of falcons? Well, that's what I'm going to do,' he says earnestly.

"'But you haven't any falcons,' I objected.

"'Tush, deacon,' Sol retorted, sort of impatiently. 'Of course, I ain't got any falcons. But what's a falcon except a hawk, anyway, and it will be easy enough for me to get a few young hawks and train them to catch ducks and other birds which sell well, but are a good deal of trouble for a tired old man to shoot.'

"'You can catch the hawks, and the hawks may catch the ducks!' I said, sort of sarcastically, for I thought he was talking nonsense. 'But will the hawks bring you birds? Unreflecting and foolish generosity isn't one of the failings of hawks. Any photographs you can get of hawks bringing ducks to Sol Tomlinson will be rare and valuable.'

"'If those old fellows in the Middle Ages, who never saw a newspaper or a reaping machine, could train hawks to hunt for them,' replied Sol obstinately, 'an-up-to-date nineteenth century farmer can do it now. It may be a lot of work, but it will pay in the end.'

"Well, the first thing Sol did was to set his boys to work gathering in young hawks. That was considerable of a contract for the boys, as neither the young hawks nor the old birds took kindly to having their nests robbed, but after being scratched up a good deal the boys gathered in about a dozen young birds. Sol patted his boys on the head, told them he was proud of them, and promised each a silver dollar when his scheme got to working. The boys looked as if they would rather have 15 cents in present coin of the realm, but they had another guess coming as far as that was concerned. Then Sol began training his birds.

"Sol had a lot of chickens of his own and every time he killed one he would feed the young hawks a bit of liver. Then he would buy up the livers whenever any of the neighbors killed chickens and feed them to the hawks. Of course, he fed the hawks other things, but pretty soon those birds had as well developed a taste for liver as some men have for 'paty de foy grass,' or whatever it is called. Then Sol began the second part of the training. He would put a dead duck on the ground and carry one of his hawks over to it, go off a ways and sort of indicate to the bird that he wanted the dead duck brought to him. Hawks are pretty intelligent birds, and it wasn't long before they appreciated the fact that every time one of them brought Sol a duck there was a big piece of liver coming.

"'If you were getting up a trained bird show,' I says to Sol, 'I could see where you would come in, but what profit you are going to get out of paying out good money for liver to give your hawks for bringing you dead ducks is a problem beyond me.'

"Sol looked at me as if it pained him to see any one so ignorant. 'I ain't making any money out of it yet, deacon,' he says, in a sort of pitying way. 'I'm only training these intelligent birds. When the duck season opens it will be live ducks, not dead ones, they will have to hunt. Then I will show the admirers of those knights that American hawks, trained by an American farmer, can lay over anything in the way of falcons ever produced by an effete civilization.'

"By the time the duck season opened all but six of Sol's hawks had died, but he certainly did have that half dozen trained down to a fine point. Their appetite for liver had gotten to be like that of a man's for drink, and they understood that ducks and only ducks were what Sol wanted, so they never interfered with his chickens. By and by the ducks began flying south. Then Sol started out to gather in his harvest.

"'For months,' he said to me these ducks of mine have enjoyed fatherly care and lived on the fat of the land and the livers of several hundred chickens. Now is the time for them to repay my devotion. And, by gum, they will do it or get into trouble.'

"That afternoon Sol got a couple of long sticks, and carrying them over his shoulders, with the hawks perched on them, started after ducks. Pretty soon along came a flock of ducks, flying down pretty low. Sol untied his hawks and pointed at the ducks. It wasn't half a minute before these trained hawks understood what was wanted of them and off they went at full tilt after the ducks. Each hawk grabbed a duck, started back with it toward Sol, and dropped it at his feet. Then came the first of Sol's actions which turned aside the hearts of his faithful duck hunters.

"When the hawks delivered up their ducks to Sol they began to look for some liver as a reward. But Sol didn't see it that way.

"'Those ducks are still in sight,' he says to the hawks, as if they could understand him. 'And duty calls on you to go after them. Now is your chance to repay a little of my care and affection. This is no time to be looking for liver.'

"Sol kept pointing at the rapidly disappearing flock of ducks, and as his hawks didn't seem to understand what he meant, he grabbed a stick and began pounding them with it. It was plain that the hawks were grieved and mystified, rather than angry. They had each of them brought in a duck, why didn't they get their liver? And why did Sol, the man who had fed them, and whom they had looked up to and venerated, beat them with a stick? Finally they gave it up as a bad job trying to figure out what it all meant, and seeing that Sol wanted more ducks, off the hawks started, but acting in a patient, puzzled sort of way that was really pathetic.

"'Those birds of yours are faithful and well trained,' I observed to Sol, 'but loving kindness isn't the strongest quality of any hawk, even an educated one. If you beat them about once more they will try to get even with you. And from what I know of hawks, I'm betting they will succeed.'

"But Sol only grunted out that it was ducks and not tokens of esteem that he wanted from those hawks.

"After quite a wait we saw the hawks coming back. They had had a long chase after the ducks and were pretty weary when they reached us, but each faithful hawk was bringing back a duck, and laid it in front of Sol. Then every bird looked up in an expectant sort of way, as if he now felt certain of getting his liver. And it was here that the real meanness of Sol's nature showed up.

"Sol was just going to reward his hard working birds, when away off to the north another flock of ducks showed up. Then Sol wanted to start his hawks right off after the new flock.

"'Don't you do it,' I warned him. 'These faithful birds of yours are pretty nearly worn out, and if you don't give them the liver they expect they will lose faith in human nature. A trained hawk who has lost faith in human nature is an ugly animal,' I said solemnly.

"But Sol was set on starting his hawks after this particular flock of ducks. The patient birds instead of going just loitered around, waiting for their reward. Then Sol grabbed his stick and began pounding them worse than before. For about a minute the birds stood it, then it seemed to come over them all at once that they were being beaten and cheated after they had done their duty. Each bird gave a sort of queer little cry, in which there was more of disappointment at the way Sol had treated them than anger, and then rose in the air and turned, not in the direction of the ducks, but toward Sol's barn yard.

"'It's fancy chickens and revenge your birds are looking for,' I warned Sol.

"Sol looked at the hawks and then began running home as fast as his legs would carry him. But it was too late. The six hawks swooped down among Sol's chickens, and by the time Sol arrived on the scene all that was left of the best collection of fancy breed of chicken ever seen in Pike County was a mass of feathers and blood and dead fowls.

"'What heartless ingratitude,' says Sol, almost crying. 'I fed and trained and cared for those birds, and then they turn and rend me, or rather my innocent 85% best breeds of fancy chickens.'

"But I didn't give him any comfort. 'It was all your own fault, Sol Tomlinson,' I told him. 'If you had treated those hawks halfway decently they would have gathered in ducks by the bushel.'"

FROM THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Select Editorials Culled from the Columns of a Contemporary.

We learn that the local vigilance committee at Lone Jack has been disbanded. This is as it should be, or, rather, the members should have hung each other first and thus cleared the town of rascals.

The Grass Valley Recorder suspended publication last week after a record of three months. The editor says that the people didn't seem to want a lively newspaper, but as the only lively item the Recorder ever contained was a poem on Columbus, we think there is another side to the story.

Three or four day ago old Ben Johnson, the mighty hunter of Bill Williams' Mountain, heard that another war with Spain was on, and he came to town with two guns on his shoulder and 500 cartridges in his belt. When we told him that the report was false, he went off and got drunk and fired about thirty bullets into the front doors of the city hall, and his whoops and yells aroused the town. He was locked up over night, but started back home in good shape next day.

The Eureka Stage Company started out about a month ago to secure our scalp and become boss of this locality, but after numerous failures it gracefully threw up its hands the other day and let go of our trail. We are not a trust, but as mayor, postmaster, deputy United States marshal, State senator, and editor of the Kicker, we have got wires planted to stay. We expect to be tackled by the Union Pacific road next, but we have every confidence that we shall be there to the end.

At midnight Tuesday, as we were asleep in our bedroom in the Kicker office, some critter stood on the street and fired six shots through the window. As the last bullet was rattling down the plaster we reached the window and threw up the sash. Half a block away we saw a man running, and he jumped high and yelled out as we fired. Next day a teamster named Henderson was limping around and explaining that he had been bitten by a tarantula. We think we were the insect.

News reached us several days ago that Maj. Baker, who resided here for a year or so and went to New Mexico last fall, had been lynched for killing a man in a quarrel over a game of poker. A dozen times over while he was among us we warned the major that he ought to throw the game over. He could never get things straight. He got flushes and straights and threes and full houses all mixed up, and he died claiming that a straight would knock out four aces. Some kinds of eccentricities are permitted out here, but when you sit down to poker no man is allowed to wabble.

FASHION FANCIES.

For mountains and seashore, school or general wear, the Eton suit is the most popular style for young girls.

This attractive costume is made of china blue cheviot, with machine-stitched cloth bands for trimming. The shirt waist of blue and white dimity has a plaited back and full fronts, which are gathered at the neck and belt to form a slight blouse. The correct shirt sleeves are finished with stiff cuffs, and the shaped collar is also stiffened. Belt and tie of china blue silk.

The Eton is adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams. The fronts open to show the shirt waist front. A stylish sailor collar forms broad revers and tiny steel buttons decorate the fronts.

The comfortable two-piece sleeves have slight fullness at the shoulders.

The skirt is made with a circular front, which is extended around to meet the double box plaited back. It is fastened at one side under the plait.

The edges of the collar, sleeves, and skirt are outlined with machine-stitched bands of the cloth.

Attractive suits in this mode may be developed in serge, covert, Venetian, or lightweight double-faced cloth and trimmed with braid or finished in strictly tailor style, with machine stitching.

To make the Eton suit for a girl eight

Girls' Eton Suit, No. 8008.

years will require three yards of forty-inch material. The pattern, No. 8008, is cut in sizes for girls six, eight, ten, and twelve years. To make the shirt waist for a girl eight years will require one and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material. The pattern, No. 7998, is cut in sizes for girls, six, eight, ten, and twelve years.

(Patterns for the above may be had by cutting out the picture and sending it, with 10 cents to pay cost of mailing and handling, to Fashion Department, Washington Post. Where two patterns are required, as shown by designs, the price is 10 cents for each. Be careful to give the number of pattern and bust or waist measure. Write your address plainly.)

Prosecuting Their Husbands for Gambling.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

New Haven, a pretty suburb of Fort Wayne, Ind., is all wrought up over the action of five of the leading women in having affidavits filed against their husbands, charging them with gambling. The men accused of this high misdemeanor are Samuel Smith, William Hargrave, Frank Karr, John Travis, and James Hiler.

For some time past the women have been conducting a crusade against gambling, in which they were ably supported by the church element. There are now no professional gambling places in the village, and for a time the ladies and other good Christian people were congratulating themselves on having stamped out an evil which had been prevalent and a source of much complaint. Of late some of the ladies have noticed that their husbands or a certain coterie of them spent a good deal of time at the house of Mr. Smith nearly every evening, and every Sunday there would be a little gathering at the Smith house, and it was noticed that no one but the same crowd was ever invited, and no one else was ever told what was going on there. So the women decided to adopt radical measures.

Several ineffectual attempts were made to find out what the men were doing, but to no avail. Several days ago, however, a number of the women swooped down on the Smith home and found their husbands engaged in a red-hot game of poker, with divers chips and coins passing across the table.

There was a scene, but what transpired has not leaked out. Some of the women were not satisfied with merely upbraiding their recalcitrant spouses, for they filed affidavits against the men mentioned, and Justice Lancey issued warrants for their arrest. It is said the women will appear against their husbands.

THE OLD SONGS.

Oh! the old songs are the sweetest,
The songs my mother sung
To the children in the twilight,
In days when we were young!

As her gentle voice came laden
With pathos from the heart,
It hushed our thoughtless prattle
And made the tear drops start!

There was "Bonnie Annie Laurie,"
And "Annie of the Vale;"
"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"
And sainted "Lilly Dale!"

"Down Upon the Suwanee River,"
And "Darling Nellie Gray;"
"What We Might Have Been, Lorena,"
And faithful "Old Dog Tray!"

"There Is a Land of Pure Delight,"
And "Oh, Abide with Me;"
"How Vain Are all Things Here Below,"
"Nearer, My God, to Thee!"

"Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour,
Hear My Plaintive Cry;"
"When I Can Read My Title Clear,"
And "The Sweet, By and By!"

DAVID J. EVANS.